

ing him that the verses were written by Angus K. Nicholson. Dear old Nick—there never was such another and hardly a day passes in his favorite haunts in Zion that some one does not exclaim: "Ah, if Nick were only here!" And many a toast to him has interrupted the regrets since, nearly a decade ago, he packed his portmanteau and with his inimitable vocabulary, all the sweetness in his nature, a song in his great big heart and a purpose in his magnificent mind, together with poor Jimmy McTerney's best wishes tucked under his arm, he went Eastward, Ho!

And from the first he made good and took the place his friends knew he would though it was in the financial district rather than in literary work.

WUXTRA! WUXTRA!

John J. O'Connor Returns.

Reluctantly the White Lights recently blinked a farewell to our own John J. O'Connor, who has returned from the Metropolis full of yarns and yearnings to return. He has been home a fortnight and during that time has been the guest of honor at a series of Sunday teas at the Commercial club. On both occasions he has assured his friends that he will remain here for almost another year, saving up, like the rest of us, for another trip to New York.

Here are a couple he pulled, somewhat in this wise: "Listen" (business of leaning over confidentially, half trumpeting hands, and giving possible eavesdroppers sidelong once over): "I was on the train with a couple of other distinguished Salt Lakers, Senator Kearns and Charlie Quigley. Colonel Quigley hopped the Limited at Cleveland and began to talk to Tom. As we pulled past High Bridge in the morning" (business of left hand in the air) "I whispered to the Senator, 'You're a great little listener.'" "A fine chance I had of doing anything else," said Tom."

"When I was at the La Salle in Chi," resumed John J.

Station or hotel?"

"Say" (business of tilting hat). "I was paged in the——"

"O! you had yourself paged?"

"No, no, I couldn't stop 'em. But anyhow, I was standing there in the lobby, and along came the boy with the salver. He started from the desk and paged about like this: 'Call for Mr. Epstein, Mr. Untermeyer, Mr. Friedbaum, Mr. Ickstein, Mr. Goldman, Mr. Hockenheimer, Mr. John J. O'Connor. One harp in the crowd, a cheer went up for a full half minute, and one bird lost his hat in the tumult. I saved the day, but it was a great film while it lasted.'"

OLD FIE-FOR-SHAME

Born in the last year of the reign of Charles IV., Lord Feversham, who died a few days ago, had lived to see five sovereigns occupy the throne of England. He was a noted Lothario in his younger days, and in his riper years was known as "old Fie-for-shame." He was a man who even under the most trying circumstances never forgot the respect he considered due to his rank. It was related how, on one occasion, coming down rather early in the morning to the library at Duncombe park, his seat in Yorkshire, he found a very pretty housemaid lighting the fire. True to his traditions, he made love to the charming girl, and she in a moment of amorousness dared to murmur "Oh, my darling!" Whereupon Lord Feversham drew himself up stiffly and reprovingly said "None of that damned familiarity!" Two of his daughters were famous for their beauty, the late Duchess of Leinster and Lady Helen Vincent.

THE OLD ROSE SWEATER COAT

By Harry B. Kennon.

DOLLY Wilcox had a new sweater coat woven of shaggy angora wool, soft and fleecy. The color of the coat was the loveliest shade of old rose and it had amber buttons that would make any sweater a dream—while amber buttons were in. Altogether the kind of sweater to make the other school girls sit up and take notice. They did.

Particularly Bertha Merritt Dolly's chum; for what Dolly had, Bertha just had to have. And Dolly was without reserve as to the cost of her sweater or where it had been purchased, in fact, accompanied Bertha home from school that Mrs. Merritt might pass upon its desirability. Not that that made any visible difference. What Bertha wanted Bertha had. Her mother was a woman of too many social and club engagements to waste time in arguments unparliamentary, too weak—where Bertha was concerned, though amazingly strong in social service work—to deny the girl anything. Bertha was told that she could go down to Lord, Moore & Co.'s and select a sweater for herself, Saturday morning.

The permission, or rather its form, for Bertha merely stated her need, was given at five o'clock Friday evening. The girls had waited Mrs. Merritt's home coming until that hour, from the Domestic Science section of the "Friday Club," to exhibit the sweater. It developed that Dolly had a tennis match on for Saturday morning—couldn't go down town—"so sorry!" At any rate Dolly and Bertha had two full hours on hand until dinner time, at seven.

Now youth is seldom unbeautiful. Both girls had youth and most of its lovely attributes. Both were of striking appearance in blonde or brunette fashion—and both were fond of what they called a good time. Indeed, having a "good time" was their religion. They had it.

But not at home; home was a bore. So with two hours to spare they took their way out of Park Place—stupid Park Place!—to Westland avenue, where the shops were, and where the movies never ceased from moving. As they went along they compared contents of hand-bags as to funds available, disconsolately noted that thirty-five cents would not take them both in to the twenty-five-cent "Luring of Lulu," but that fifteen cents for chocolates would remain after indulging in the cheaper "War to the End" show. Really it made little difference.

"Want a ride, girls?"

A cheery invitation from a jolly-looking man as he pulled up his auto at the curb. The girls paused.

"Won't you come? You can sit back here with me." The woman of matronly figure had a gentle voice, a veil that covered her face in the dusk.

"But you don't know us," said the direct speaking Dolly.

"What difference does that make?" interposed the man at the wheel. "Jump in."

The woman opened the car door invitingly.

"We can't be gone long," weakly protested Bertha.

"Long's you like. Come on," insisted the man.

"Oh, come on, Berth," said Dolly, jumping into the car.

They sped away, the woman sitting between the chums. She talked to them pleasantly, learned all about the rose-colored sweater, how Bertha was going to have one, too, where she was going to get it. Every once in a while the jolly man as something jolly over his shoulder. They had a fine ride and no end of an innocent good time. They reached Westland avenue at seven-thirty. The machine deposited them and rolled away.

"Seven-thirty! Too late for dinner!"

"Tell you what we'll do; we'll take in the movies," said Dolly, the resourceful.

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